

# *Buster Brown*

## COMIC BOOK

NO.  
**37**



TUNE IN SMILIN' ED McCONNELL AND THE  
BUSTER BROWN GANG ON RADIO OR TV

**VAN, THE SHOEMAN, INC.**

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**Your Buster Brown Shoe Store is Headquarters  
for the BUSTER BROWN**

# **Jingle Bells Jubilee**



*See your Buster Brown shoeman for those swell Buster Brown Christmas styles, kids! His name and address are on the front cover of this comic book. He has some wonderful Buster Browns to show you. Ask mom to take you to his store during the *Jingle Bells Jubilee*!*



**SEE** Smilin' Ed McConnell and the Buster Brown Gang on TV every Saturday. What swell songs, jokes and stories! You'll find the time and channel of the show in your newspaper.



# The MAN-EATER of NAGPUR

AIE! SINGH HAS REPAIRED MY  
RIFLE FOR ME AGAIN. SEE,  
RAMA, IS IT NOT A  
BEAUTIFUL WEAPON?

BEAUTIFUL! I WONDER THAT YOU DO  
NOT SHOOT YOURSELF WITH THAT OLD  
FIRE-STICK! COME, WE WERE GOING TO  
ASIT, THE TAXIDERMIST, TO PICK UP THE  
SKIN OF THE LEOPARD THE MAHARAJA  
SAHIB SHOT.

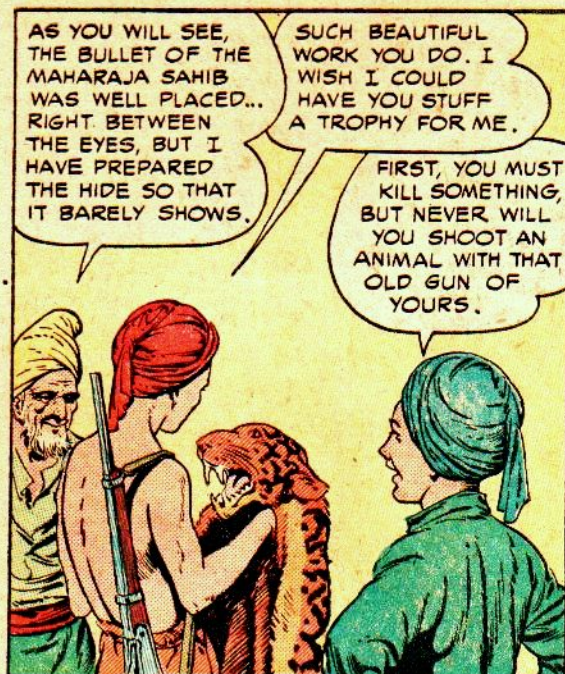






HO, ASIT. HOW GOES OUR LEOPARD SKIN?

IT IS FINISHED. COME, BOYS, AND GIVE AN OLD MAN COMPANY FOR A WHILE. SIT DOWN.



AS YOU WILL SEE, THE BULLET OF THE MAHARAJA SAHIB WAS WELL PLACED... RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES, BUT I HAVE PREPARED THE HIDE SO THAT IT BARELY SHOWS.

SUCH BEAUTIFUL WORK YOU DO. I WISH I COULD HAVE YOU STUFF A TROPHY FOR ME.

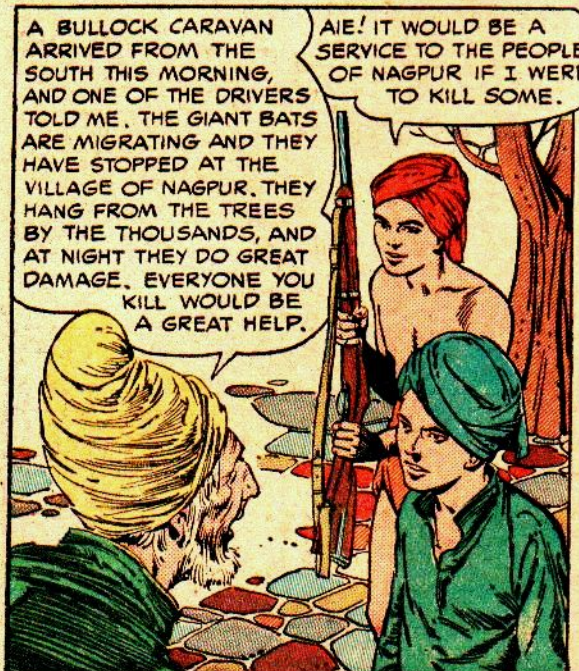
FIRST, YOU MUST KILL SOMETHING, BUT NEVER WILL YOU SHOOT AN ANIMAL WITH THAT OLD GUN OF YOURS.



HAH! NOW. THAT SINGH HAS FIXED IT I'LL WAGER I COULD... BUT I DON'T LIKE TO KILL OUR BEAUTIFUL ANIMALS ANYWAY.

BUT IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO TRY YOUR GUN I CAN TELL YOU WHERE THERE ARE SOME **BAD** ANIMALS WHICH SHOULD BE KILLED!

PAH! HE DARES NOT SHOOT AT THEM. THE LAST TIME HE SHOT THAT GUN THE WHOLE SIDE FELL OFF!



A BULLOCK CARAVAN ARRIVED FROM THE SOUTH THIS MORNING, AND ONE OF THE DRIVERS TOLD ME. THE GIANT BATS ARE MIGRATING AND THEY HAVE STOPPED AT THE VILLAGE OF NAGPUR. THEY HANG FROM THE TREES BY THE THOUSANDS, AND AT NIGHT THEY DO GREAT DAMAGE. EVERYONE YOU KILL WOULD BE A GREAT HELP.

AIE! IT WOULD BE A SERVICE TO THE PEOPLE OF NAGPUR IF I WERE TO KILL SOME.



ASIT! IF I GO TO NAGPUR AND KILL A GIANT BAT WILL YOU STUFF IT FOR ME?

HE HAS NO MONEY. YOU WILL GET NO PAY!

NEVERTHELESS I WILL STUFF IT, GUNGA!



IT WAS NOT DIFFICULT FOR GUNGA AND RAMA TO GET THE MAHARAJA'S PERMISSION TO GO TO THE VILLAGE OF NAGPUR. HIS HIGHNESS WAS BUSY WITH AFFAIRS OF STATE AND THERE WOULD BE NO HUNTING, HENCE NO DUTIES FOR GUNGA FOR SOME TIME. AND OF COURSE FOR THE JOURNEY, TEELA, THE GREAT BULL ELEPHANT, WHICH GUNGA DROVE, FURNISHED THEIR TRANSPORTATION.

SO, GUNGA, WE COME CLOSE TO NAGPUR, BUT I HAVE SEEN NO BATS IN THE JUNGLE TREES.

THERE ARE MANY TREES ABOUT THE VILLAGE, AND REMEMBER, RAMA, ASIT SAID THEY WERE IN THE VILLAGE TREES. THESE ARE GIANT FRUIT BATS, AND THE FRUIT TREES ARE NEARER THE VILLAGE.



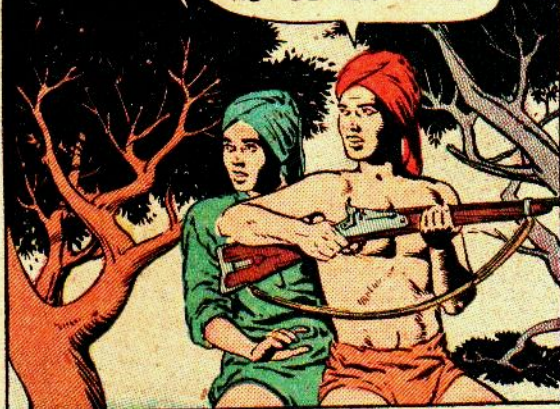
AIE! GUNGA... SUCH GREAT BATS! NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH BEFORE!

NOR I. THEY SEEM ABLE TO INJURE A GROWN MAN, RAMA!

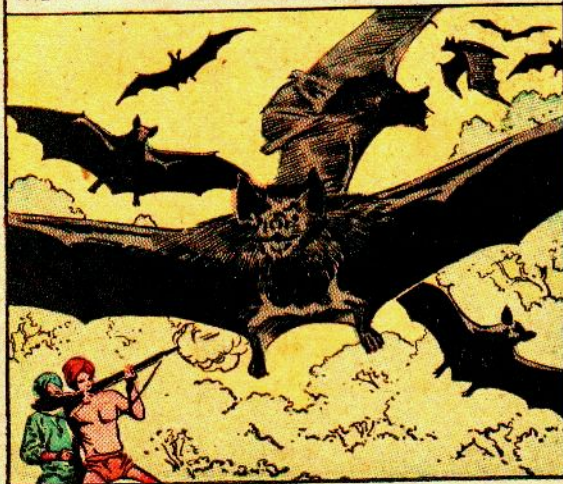


YOU HEARD THAT, GUNGA?

YES, A TIGER BAWLS SOMEWHERE IN THE JUNGLE. BUT WHAT DOES THAT MATTER? I CAME HERE TO SHOOT BATS, NOT A TIGER WHICH IS NOT BOTHERING ME



THE REPORT OF GUNGA'S GUN SENDS THE BATS FLYING WILDLY, AND SO MANY OF THEM ARE THERE THAT THE SKY IS ACTUALLY DARKENED!



RAMNAGAR, A VILLAGER, AND HIS PRETTY DAUGHTER, INDIRA, SEARCH THE NEARBY JUNGLE FOR THEIR LOST BULLOCK, AND STOP TO SEE THE FLIGHT OF THE BATS.

HAI! THE MAHARAJA MUST HAVE SENT SOMEONE TO FRIGHTEN THE BATS FROM OUR VILLAGE, FOR NONE OF US HAVE A GUN!

THEY FRIGHTEN ME, FATHER.





A GREAT TIGER, ANGRY WITH THE PAIN OF AN INFECTED WOUND FROM A PORCUPINE QUILL, IS FURTHER AROUSED BY THE UNEXPECTED FLIGHT OF THE BATS.



FATHER! THAT WAS A TIGER! HE IS NEAR... LET US RETURN AT ONCE TO THE VILLAGE!

BUT, INDIRA... WE CANNOT LEAVE OUR ONLY BULLOCK LOST IN THE JUNGLE.

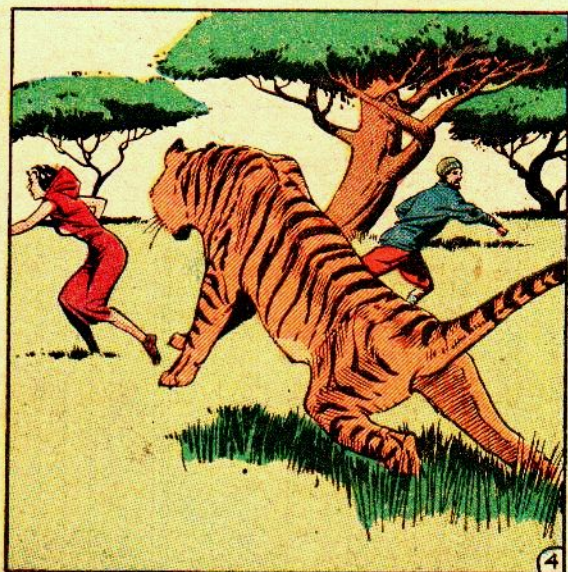


COME, WE ARE NEAR THE SMALL RAVINE WHERE THE GRASS IS SHORT AND TENDER. TWICE BEFORE I HAVE FOUND OUR BULLOCK THERE. I THINK WE WILL AGAIN, BUT IF NOT, THEN WE WILL RETURN AT ONCE TO OUR VILLAGE.



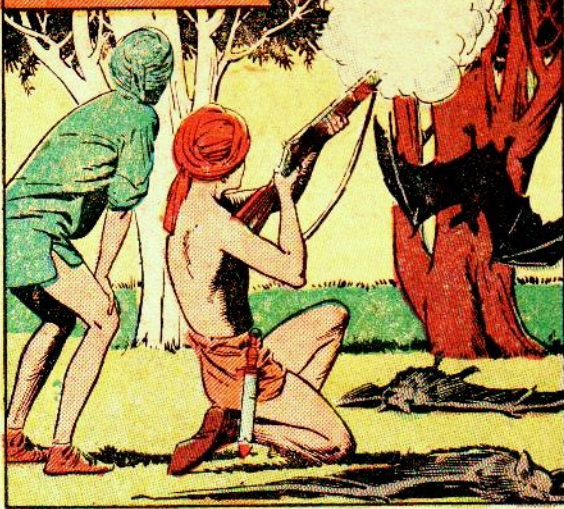
FATHER! THE TIGER!

RUN, INDIRA! SEPARATE! HE CANNOT FOLLOW US BOTH! PERHAPS I CAN LEAD HIM AWAY!





MEANWHILE, GUNGA CONTINUES HIS DESTRUCTION OF THE GIANT BATS!

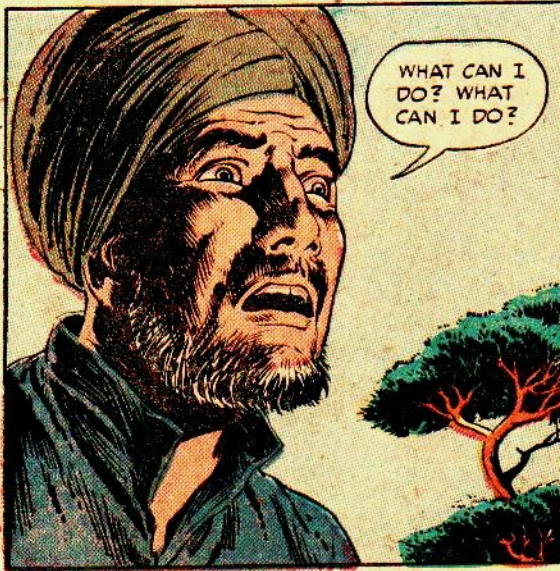


I THINK THEY HAVE ALL FLOW AWAY. PERHAPS THEY WILL CONTINUE THEIR MIGRATION NOW AND LEAVE THE VILLAGE OF NAGPUR ALONE.

AIE, THEY ARE GOING AWAY, RIGHT ENOUGH. YOU MUST HAVE KILLED A DOZEN.



**BRAVE RAMNAGAR** TRIES TO GET THE TIGER'S ATTENTION AWAY FROM HIS DAUGHTER, BUT THE TIGER IGNORES HIM! HE IS USED TO BRINGING DOWN GAME WHICH TRIES TO RUN AWAY, AND HERE IS HIS PREY TRYING TO ESCAPE. THE SLOWEST OF THE GAME IS MAN, AND THE CRIPPLED TIGER MAKES HIS DECISION.





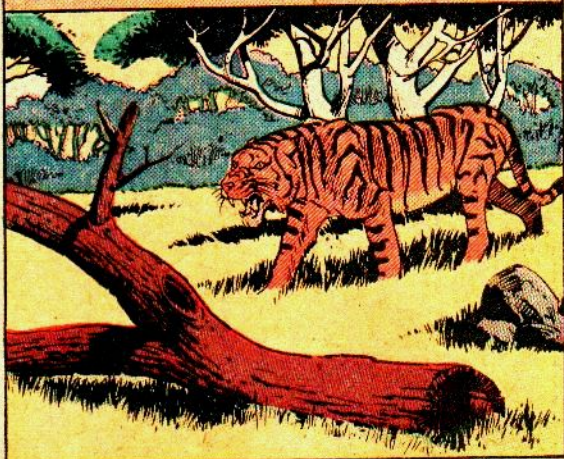




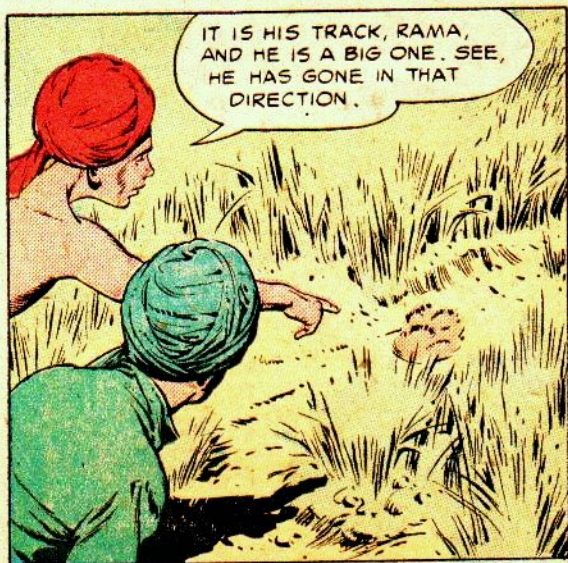
INDIRA RUNS HARD, BUT FEAR AND EFFORT RAPIDLY EXHAUST HER.



THE TIGER, CRIPPLED BY HIS INFECTED WOUND, STILL IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE GIRL IN SPEED. HE STALKS HER EASILY, WAITING FOR THE MOMENT HE LIKES TO POUNCE UPON HER.

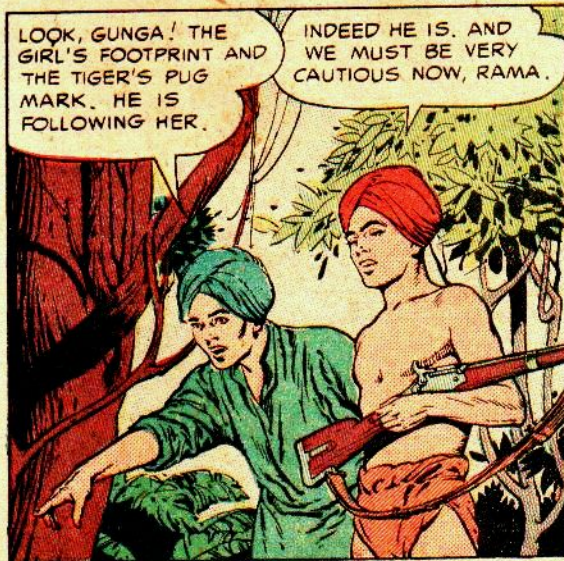


IT IS HIS TRACK, RAMA, AND HE IS A BIG ONE. SEE, HE HAS GONE IN THAT DIRECTION.



LOOK, GUNGA! THE GIRL'S FOOTPRINT AND THE TIGER'S PUG MARK. HE IS FOLLOWING HER.

INDEED HE IS. AND WE MUST BE VERY CAUTIOUS NOW, RAMA.



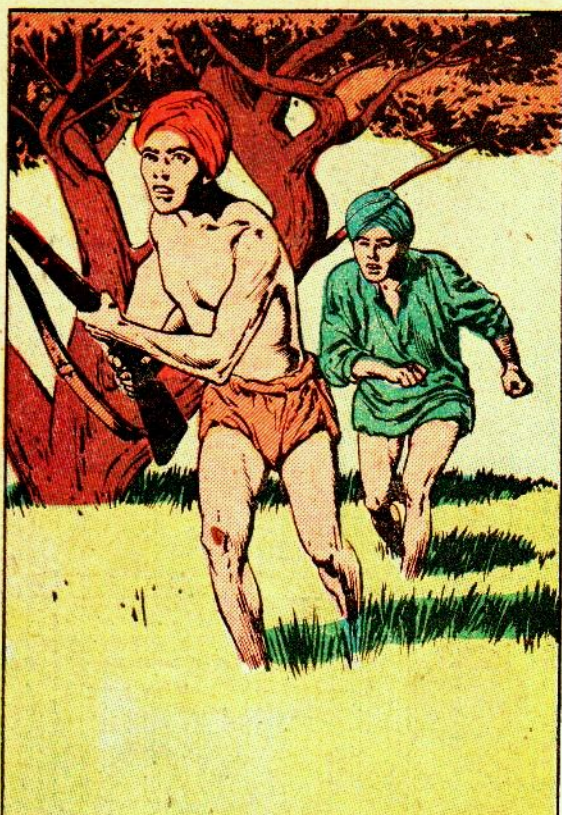
TRUE TO HIS WORD RAMNAGAR ROUNDS UP THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE, AND THEY COME TO HELP.





THE BEATERS  
HAVE STARTED,  
GUNGA.

YES! NOW QUICKLY  
WE MUST MOVE. WE  
MUST GET AHEAD OF  
THE TIGER SO HE WILL  
BE DRIVEN TOWARD US.



**NEARLY DEAD WITH FRIGHT AND EXHAUSTION,  
INDIRA FALLS TO THE GROUND.**



**THE TIGER LIKES THE MOMENT, AND HE PRE-  
PARES FOR THE WILD SCREAM AND THE TERRIBLE  
BOUND, CLAWS EXTENDED, WHICH HAVE BROUGHT  
HIM MANY A SUCCULENT MEAL IN THE PAST.**





THE TIGER HEARS THE BEATERS AS THEY START THEIR NOISE, AND HE IS DISTRACTED FROM HIS PREY.



INDIRA HEARS THEM ALSO, AND HOPE COMES TO HER. HELP MAY SOON BE AT HAND. AGAIN SHE PREPARES TO CONTINUE HER RACE FROM HER TERRIBLE DEATH.



LOOK, RAMA... THIS CLEARING IS PERFECT. AND THE BEATERS ARE WORKING THIS WAY. QUICKLY... LET US FIND COVER.

HURRY!



LOOK, GUNGA... THE GIRL!

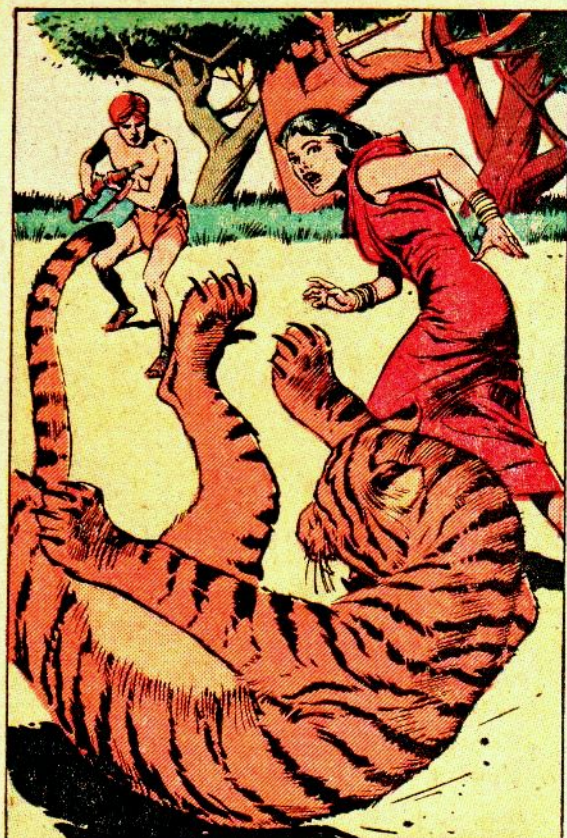


SHE'S BETWEEN US AND THE TIGER, RAMA, I CANNOT SHOOT!

GIRL! GIRL! THROW YOURSELF ON THE GROUND QUICKLY!

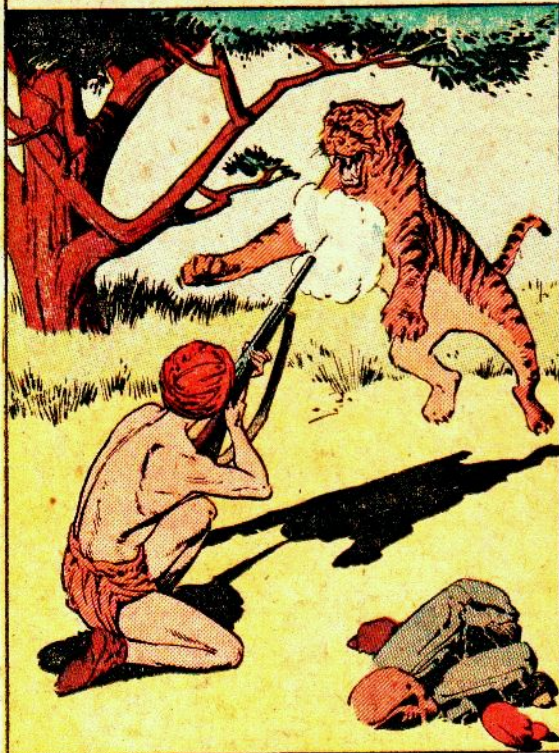








GUNGA'S NERVES TURN TO STEEL IN THE EMERGENCY. HE CAREFULLY AIMS THE ANCIENT GUN DIRECTLY BETWEEN THE EYES OF THE TIGER.



GUNGA! YOU'VE KILLED IT!

WAIT, RAMA! DO NOT GO NEAR. IT MAY NOT BE DEAD. WAIT UNTIL I RELOAD.



I WILL TAKE NO CHANCES, RAMA. I'LL PUT A BRAIN SHOT AT CLOSE RANGE.



AND THE ANCIENT RIFLE FINALLY PROTESTS FOR THE LAST TIME!







IS IT SAFE TO  
COME BACK, GUNGA?

THE TIGER IS DEAD,  
I AM SURE. BUT BE  
CAREFUL OF THAT GUN.

AND SO THE BAT HUNT WHICH TURNED TO BE FULL OF SURPRISES,  
ENDED AND THE BOYS, WITH THE HELP OF MEN FROM THE VILLAGE,  
CARRIED THE DEAD TIGER TO OLD ASIT TO BE MADE INTO A RUG  
FOR GUNGA'S ROOM. WHEN IT WAS READY, ASIT SENT WORD  
AND OF COURSE THEY HURRIED OVER AT ONCE.

YOUR TWO SHOTS  
WERE WELL PLACED,  
GUNGA. IT WAS  
EXCELLENT SHOOTING.  
ANYTHING LESS AND  
THAT LIGHT GUN  
WOULD NEVER HAVE  
KILLED THE TIGER.

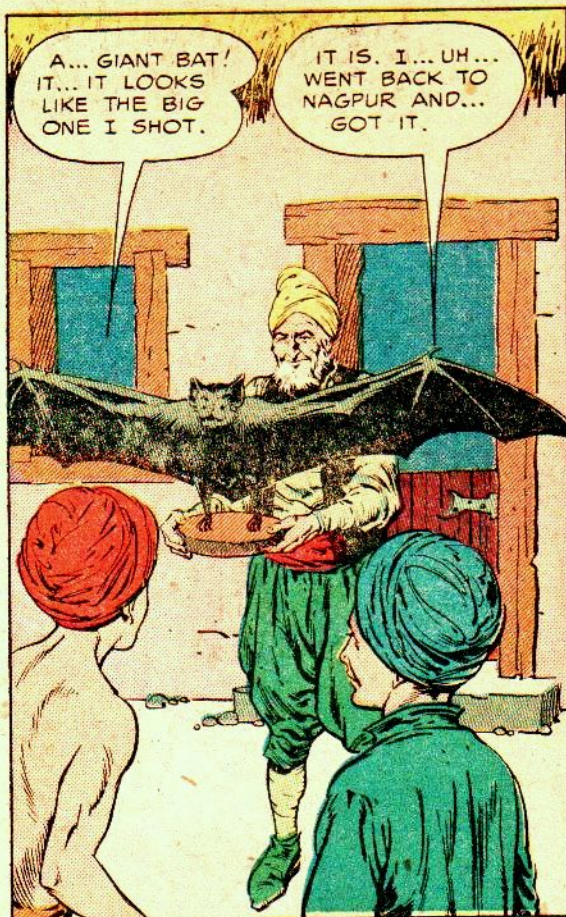
IT WILL NEVER  
KILL ANYTHING  
ELSE, NOT EVEN  
A BAT.

PERHAPS NOT NOW,  
RAMA. BUT IT WAS A  
GOOD GUN WHILE IT  
LASTED. INDIRA, THE GIRL,  
WILL TELL YOU THAT. SHE'S  
STILL ALIVE BECAUSE OF IT!

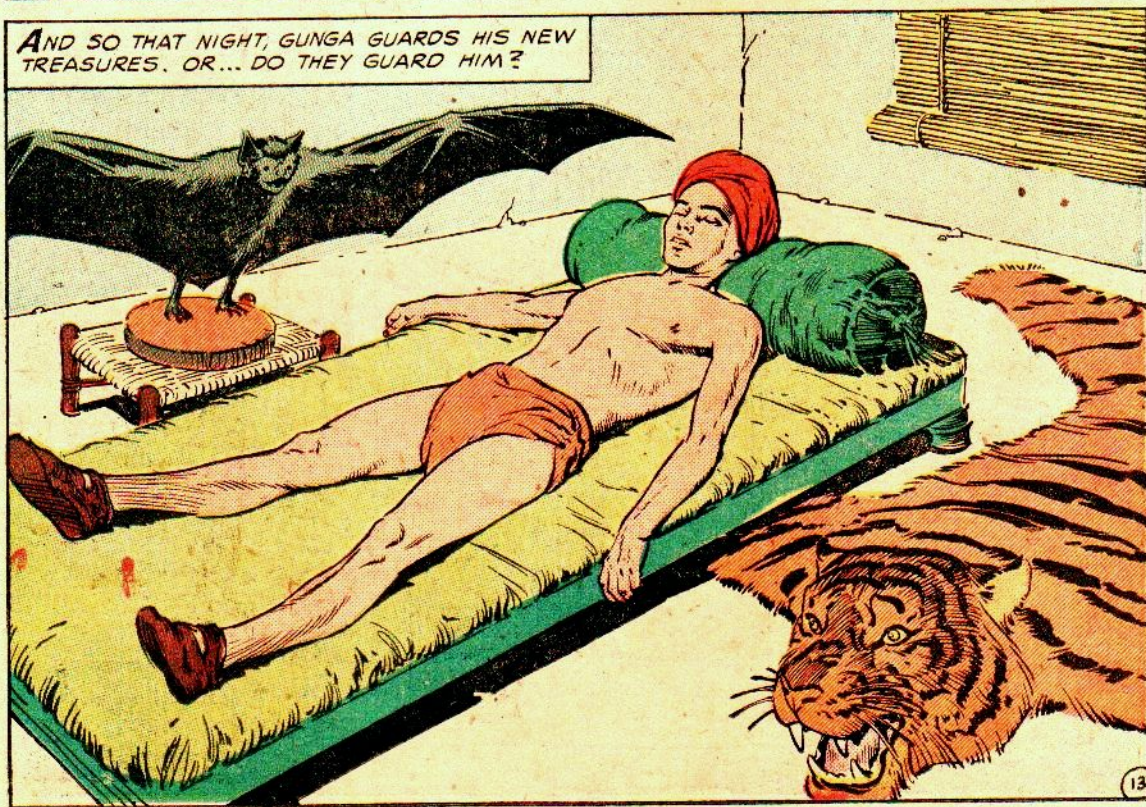
YOU WILL WAIT A  
MOMENT, I HAVE  
SOMETHING ELSE  
FOR YOU.







AND SO THAT NIGHT, GUNGA GUARDS HIS NEW  
TREASURES. OR... DO THEY GUARD HIM?





# Christmas Fun

*with*

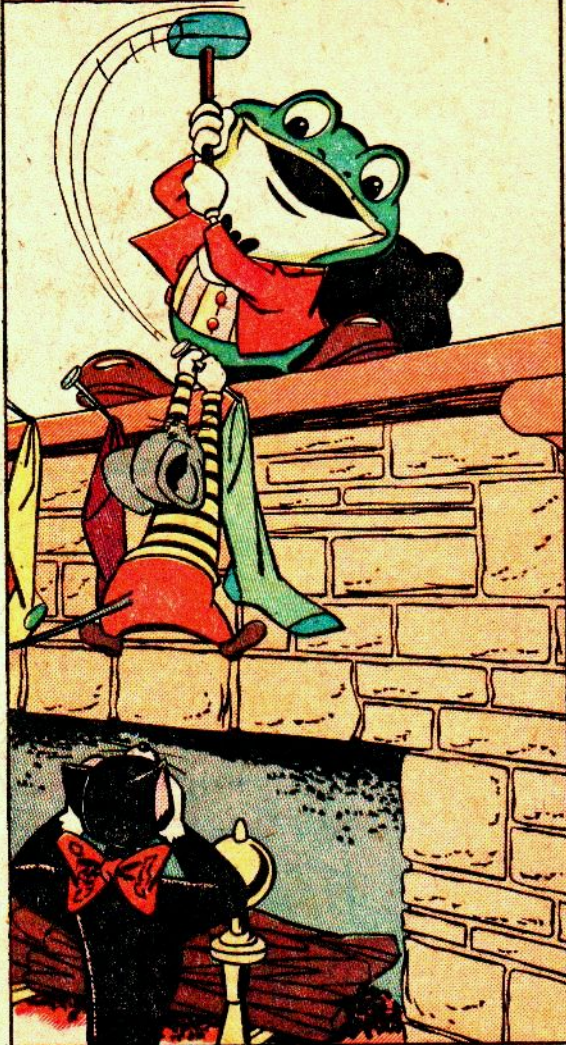
SMILIN' ED McCONNELL AND HIS GANG



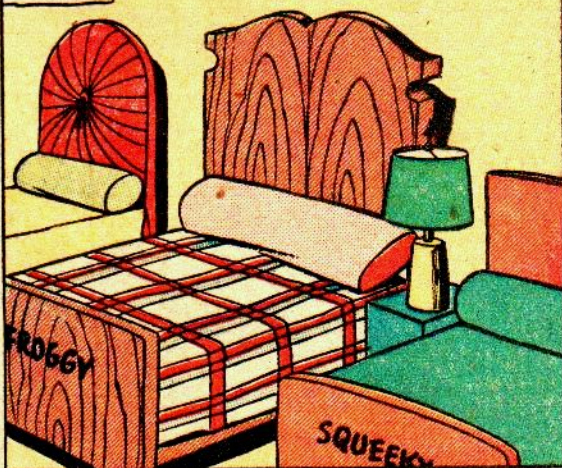
'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE, THERE WERE CREATURES A-STIRRING, YES, EVEN A MOUSE.



THE STOCKINGS WERE HUNG BY THE CHIMNEY WITH CARE IN HOPES THAT ST. NICHOLAS SOON WOULD BE THERE.



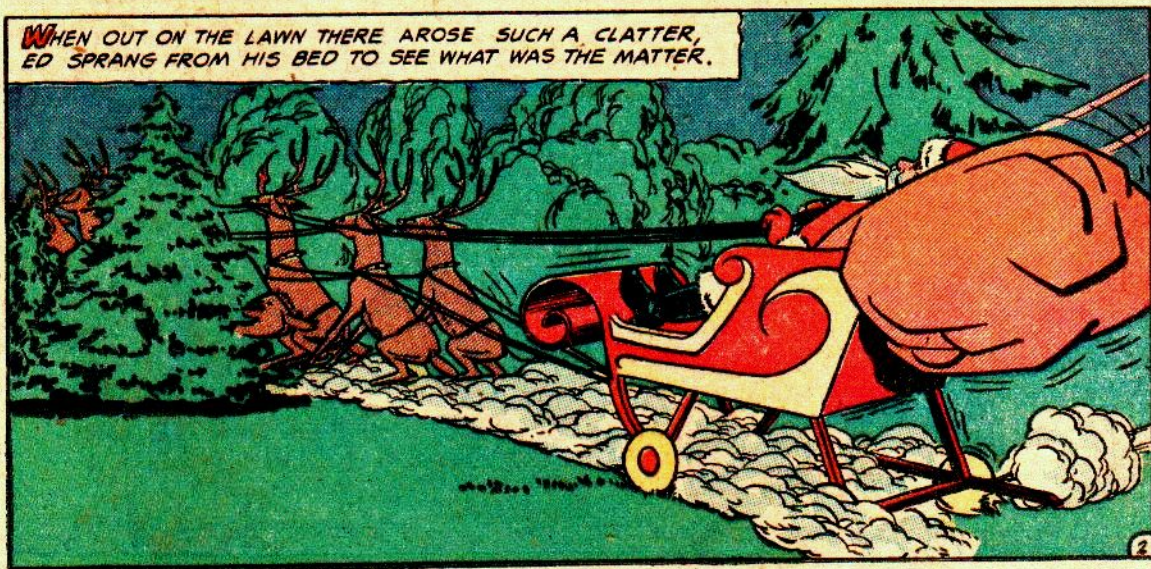
NO CHILDREN WERE NESTLED ALL SNUG IN THEIR BEDS, CAUSE FUNNY IDEAS HAD ENTERED THEIR HEADS.



SMILIN' ED IN PAJAMAS AND WOOLEN NIGHT-CAP, HAD JUST SETTLED DOWN FOR A LONG WINTER'S NAP.



WHEN OUT ON THE LAWN THERE AROSE SUCH A CLATTER, ED SPRANG FROM HIS BED TO SEE WHAT WAS THE MATTER.





AWAY TO THE WINDOW HE FLEW LIKE A FLASH. TORE OPEN THE SHUTTERS AND THREW UP THE SASH.



THE MOON ON THE BREAST OF THE NEW FALLEN SNOW GAVE A LUSTER OF MIDDAY TO OBJECTS BELOW. WHEN WHAT TO ED'S WONDERING EYES SHOULD APPEAR BUT A MINIATURE SLEIGH AND EIGHT TINY REINDEER.



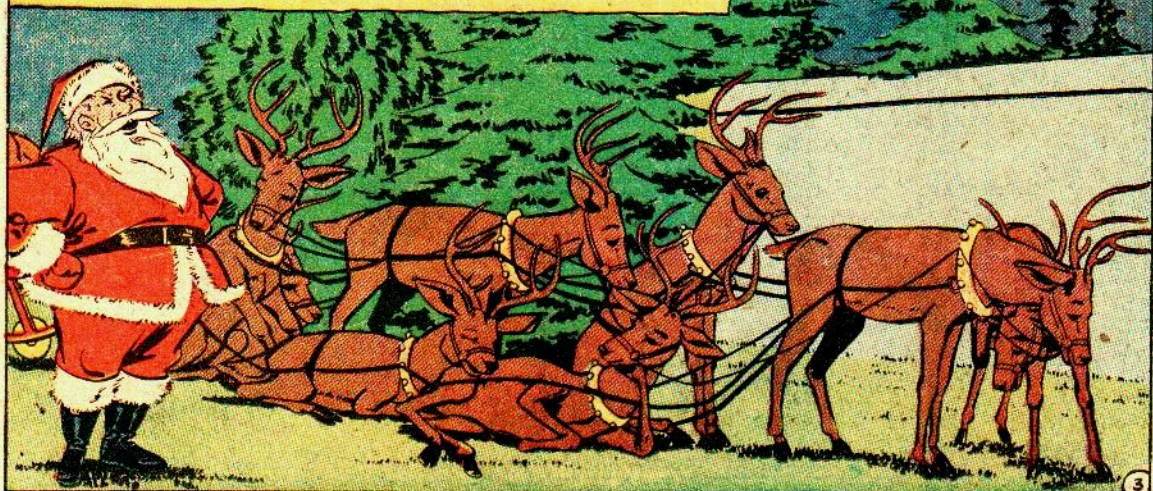
WITH A LITTLE OLD DRIVER SO LIVELY AND QUICK,



ED KNEW IN A MOMENT IT MUST BE SAINT NICK.



THE COURSERS WERE TIRED, YET THEY WEREN'T TO BLAME. THEY TRIED TO RESPOND WHEN NICK CALLED THEM BY NAME.







**N**OT RAPID, NO EAGLES, HIS COURSERS STILL CAME  
AND HE WHISTLED AND SHOUTED AND CALLED THEM BY NAME.  
NOW DASHER, NOW DANCER, NOW PRANCER AND VIXEN.  
ON COMET, ON CUPID, ON DONNER AND BLITZEN!

**T**O THE TOP OF THE PORCH TO THE TOP OF THE WALL,  
NOW DASH AWAY, DASH AWAY, DASH AWAY ALL!



**A**S DRY LEAVES THAT BEFORE THE WILD  
HURRICANE FLY, WHEN THEY MEET WITH AN  
OBSTACLE MOUNT IN THE SKY, SO UP TO THE  
HOUSETOP THE COURSERS THEY FLEW, THERE'S  
SOMETHING ALL WRONG, 'CAUSE ST. NICK IS  
ALL THROUGH!

ONLY AT ED MCCONNELL'S  
HOUSE COULD THIS  
HAPPEN.



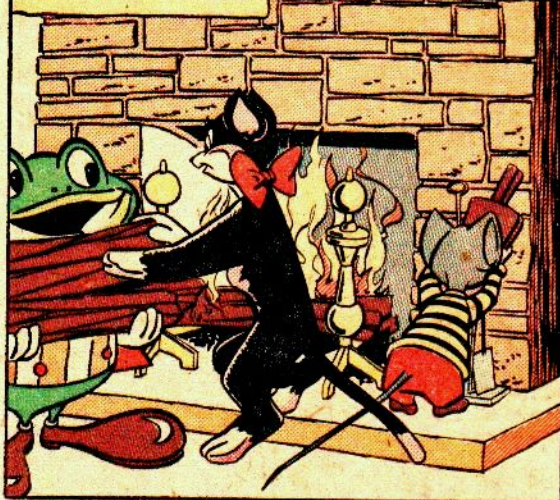
**A**ND THEN IN A TWINKLING ED HEARD ON THE  
ROOF, THE PRANCING AND PAWING OF EACH  
LITTLE HOOF.

IT IS! I JUST KNOW  
IT'S SANTA.





THERE WERE SEVERAL HEADS, BUT NOT ONE TURNED AROUND...



AS DOWN THE CHIMNEY ST. NICHOLAS CAME WITH A BOUND.



HE WAS DRESSED ALL IN FUR FROM HIS HEAD TO HIS FOOT AND HIS CLOTHES WERE ALL TARNISHED WITH ASHES AND SOOT.



A BUNDLE OF TOYS HE HAD FLUNG FROM HIS BACK...

HEY! GET OUT OF MY MAGIC TOY BAG!



AND HE LOOKED LIKE A PEDDLER JUST OPENING HIS SACK.

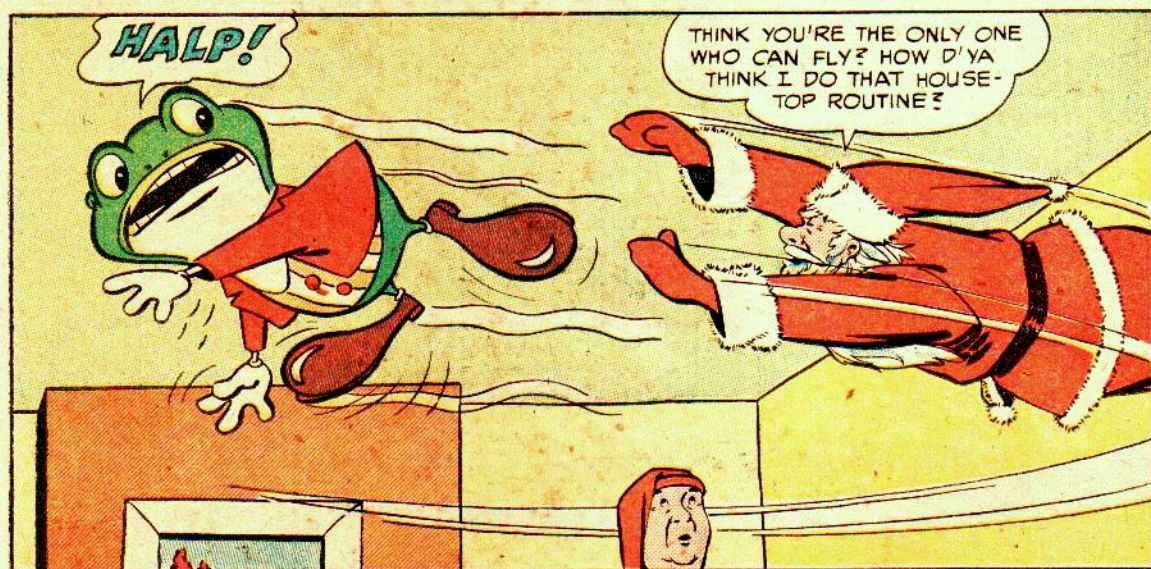
FROGGY! WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS! SAY PLEASE!











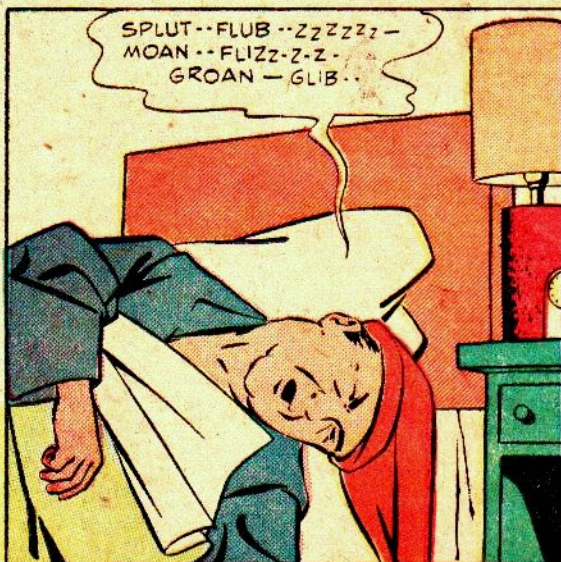
HE SPOKE NOT A WORD BUT WENT STRAIGHT TO WORK. BUT HE DIDN'T FILL STOCKINGS, HE HAD A NEW QUIRK.







**BUT I HEARD HIM EXCLAIM ERE HE DROVE OUT OF SIGHT,  
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, BUT TO THIS PLACE -- GOOD NIGHT!**





# The GIANT STALLION

LITTLE FOX, A BOY OF THE DAKOTA SIOUX, SON OF RUNNING WOLF, CHIEF OF THEIR CAMP, RETURNS FROM A HUNT MORE EXCITED THAN A STOIC INDIAN BOY SHOULD BE.







FATHER! FATHER... I MUST TELL YOU WHAT I HAVE SEEN!

MY SON DOES NOT ACT AS A YOUNG BRAVE SHOULD ACT. HE ACTS NOW AS A LITTLE BOY WHO HAS BEEN FRIGHTENED BY THE SNARL OF A RABBIT.



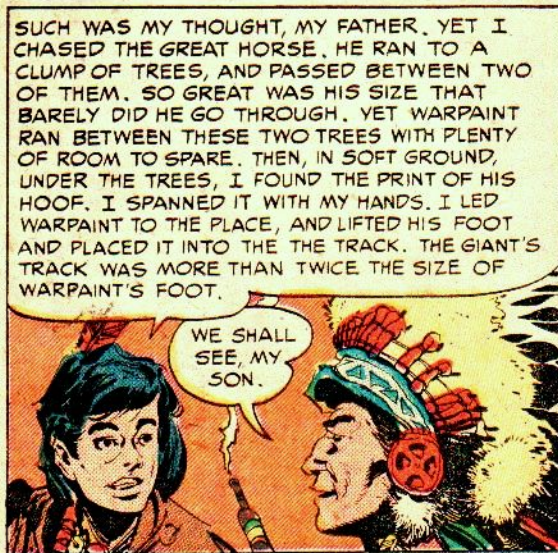
I... I'AM SORRY, MY FATHER. BUT SUCH A SIGHT I SAW. A TREMENDOUS HORSE, FATHER! A WILD HORSE **THREE** TIMES THE SIZE OF OUR HORSES!

MY SON IS A TELLER OF TALL TALES. SUCH A HORSE COULD NOT BE.



MY FATHER MUST NOT SPEAK SO, FOR WELL HE KNOWS THAT HIS SON DOES NOT SPEAK WITH A FORKED TONGUE. I HAVE SEEN A HORSE OF GREAT SIZE, SO GREAT THAT YOU MUST COME WITH ME TO FIND IT.

I GIVE APOLOGY, TO MY SON. I DID NOT MEAN TO SAY THAT HE SPOKE LIES. BUT A HORSE THREE TIMES AS BIG AS ANOTHER HORSE... SURELY THE SUN WAS IN THE EYES OF LITTLE FOX.



SUCH WAS MY THOUGHT, MY FATHER. YET I CHASED THE GREAT HORSE. HE RAN TO A CLUMP OF TREES, AND PASSED BETWEEN TWO OF THEM. SO GREAT WAS HIS SIZE THAT BARELY DID HE GO THROUGH. YET WARPAINT RAN BETWEEN THESE TWO TREES WITH PLENTY OF ROOM TO SPARE. THEN, IN SOFT GROUND, UNDER THE TREES, I FOUND THE PRINT OF HIS HOOF. I SPANNED IT WITH MY HANDS. I LED WARPAINT TO THE PLACE, AND LIFTED HIS FOOT AND PLACED IT INTO THE TRACK. THE GIANT'S TRACK WAS MORE THAN TWICE THE SIZE OF WARPAINT'S FOOT.

WE SHALL SEE, MY SON.

AT SUN-UP RUNNING WOLF AND LITTLE FOX RIDE OUT OVER THE PRAIRIE TO HUNT FOR THE GIANT HORSE.

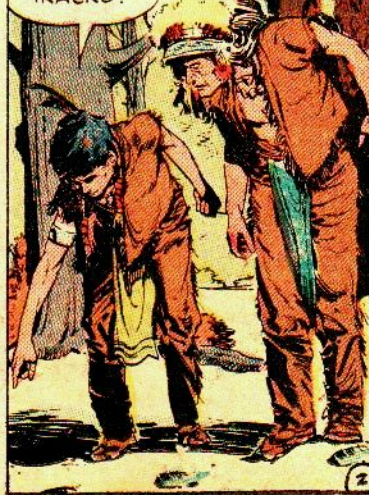


IN HERE, FATHER. THIS IS WHERE I LOST THE GIANT HORSE. I THINK HE WENT THROUGH THE WOODS THEN HEADED TOWARD THE FOOTHILLS.

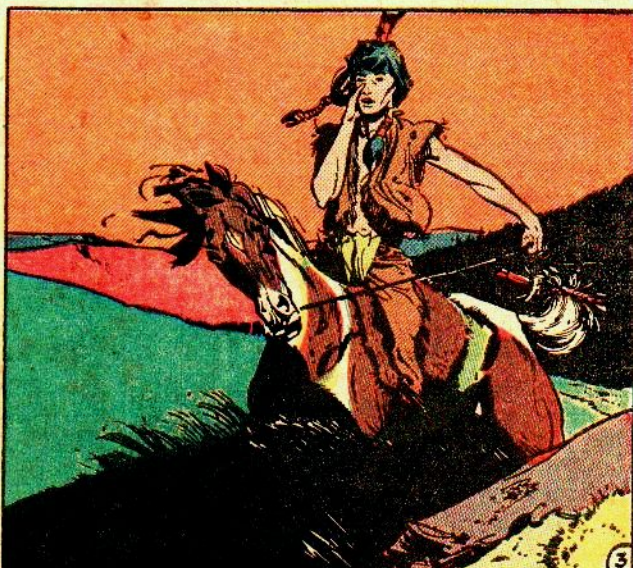
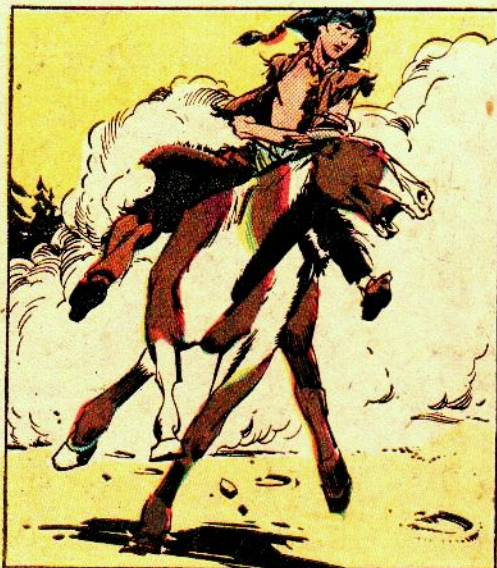


I WILL BELIEVE IF WE CAN FIND THE TRACKS YOU HAVE SEEN.

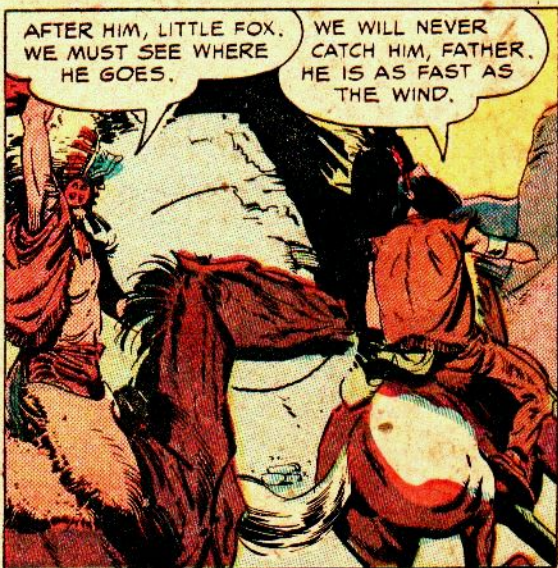
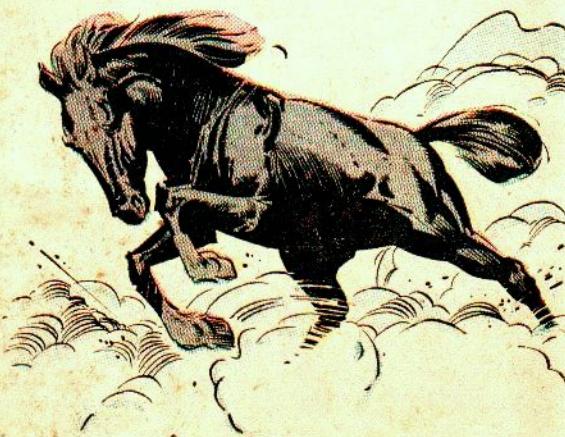
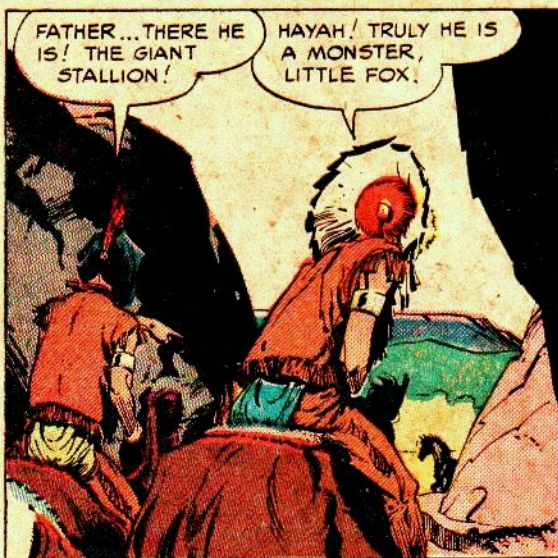
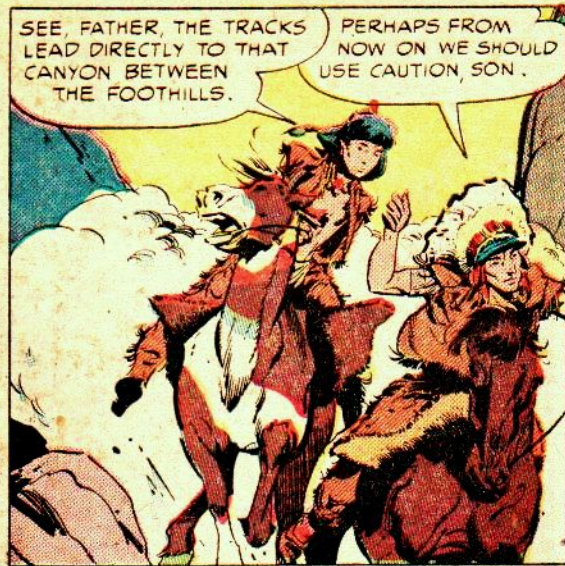
THERE, FATHER! SEE THE TRACKS!



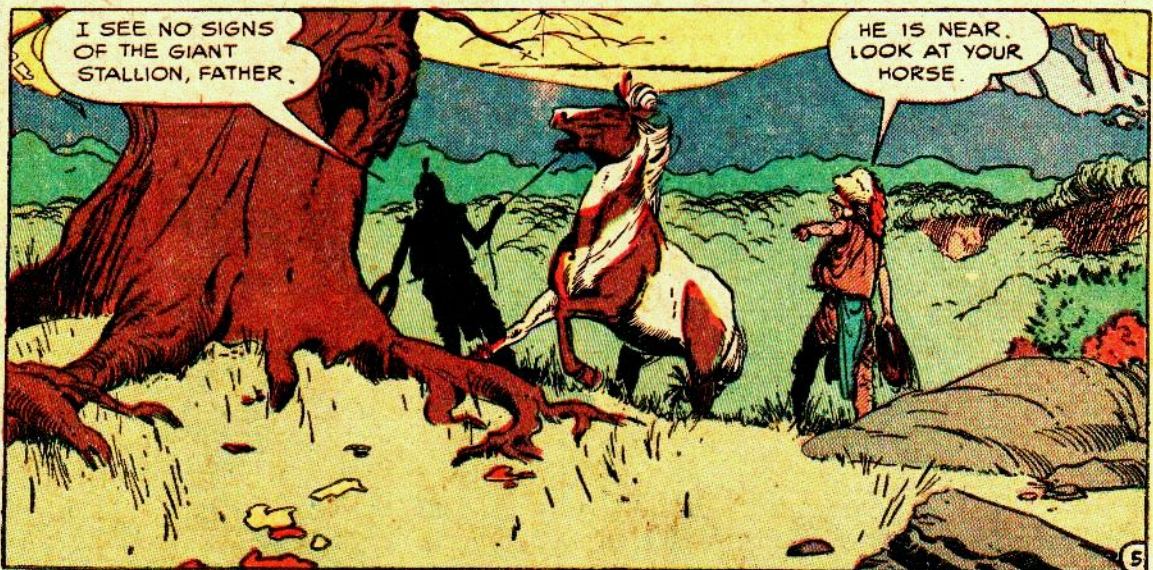




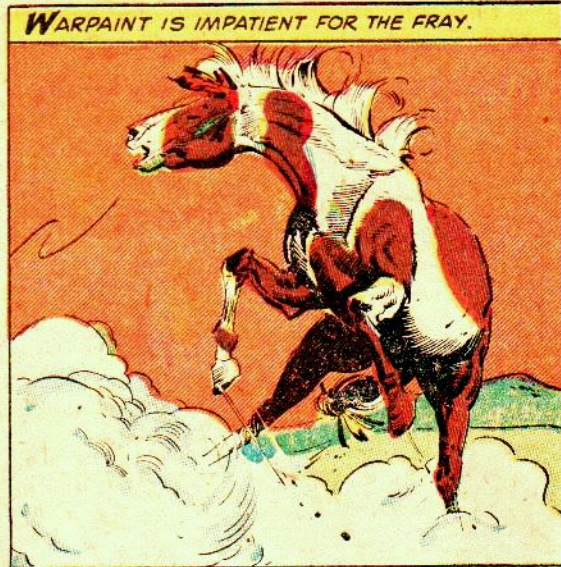




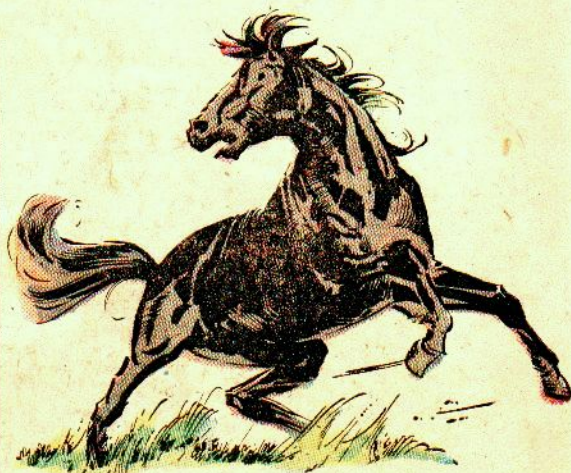
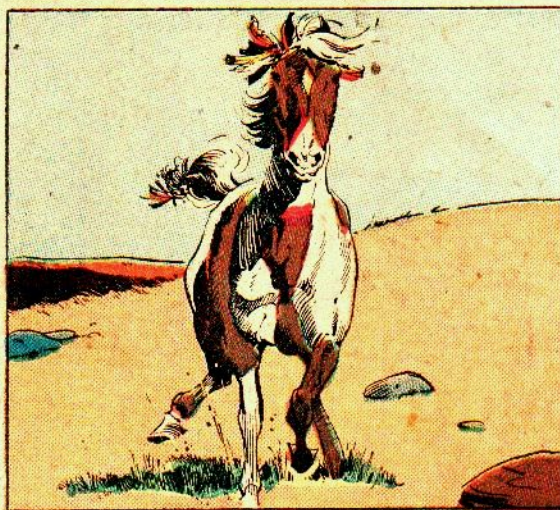




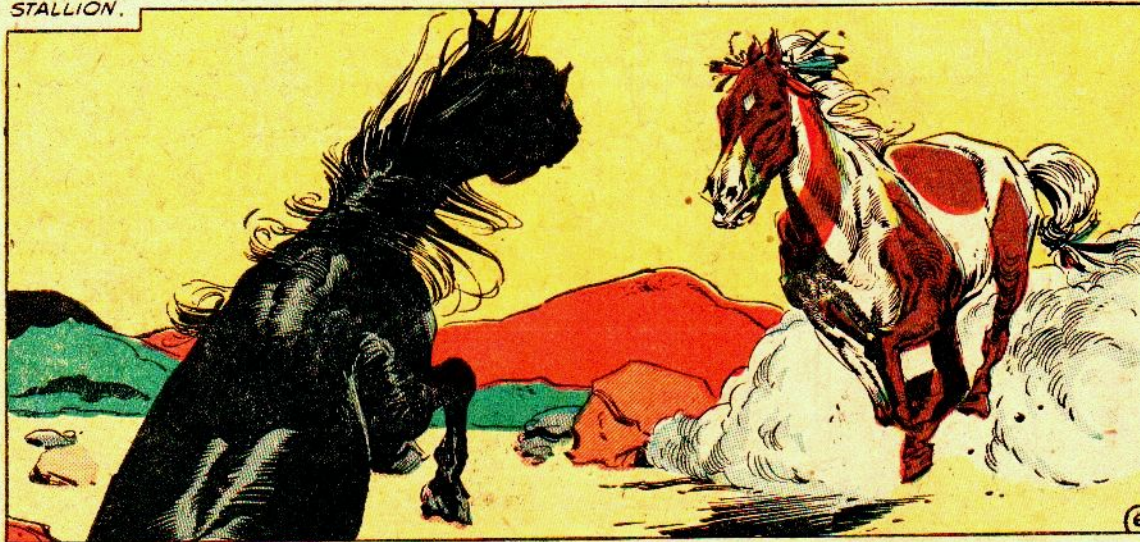




THE URGE TO FIGHT WHICH IS DEEPLY INGRAINED IN EVERY STALLION SENDS WARPAIN ON HIS WAY.



THE NATURAL ENEMIES SEE EACH OTHER AND SIZE MEANS NOTHING WHEN RAGE COMES TO THE STALLION.

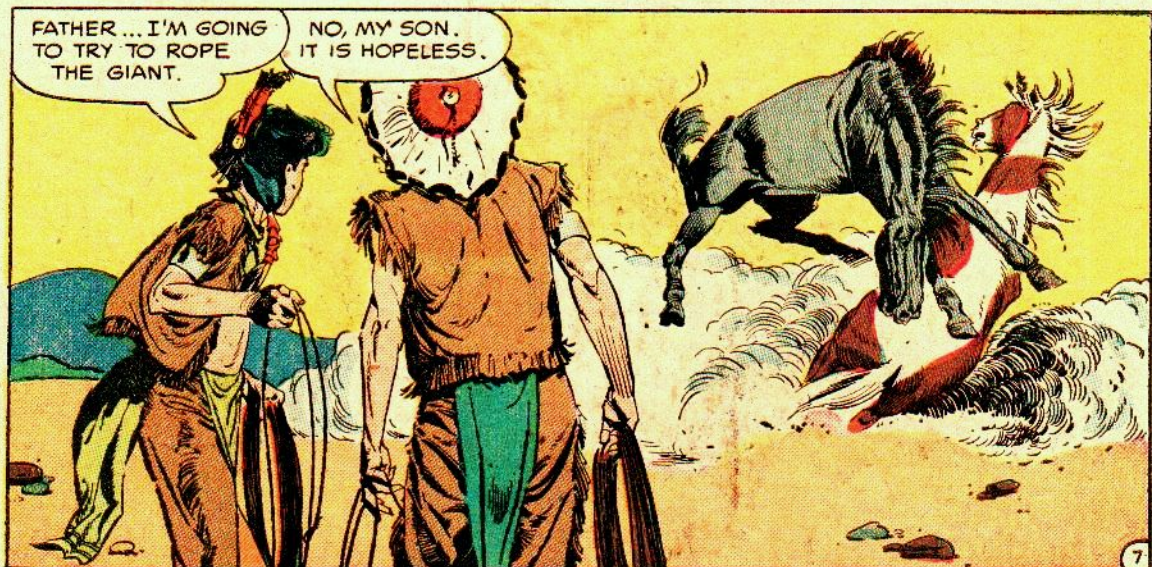
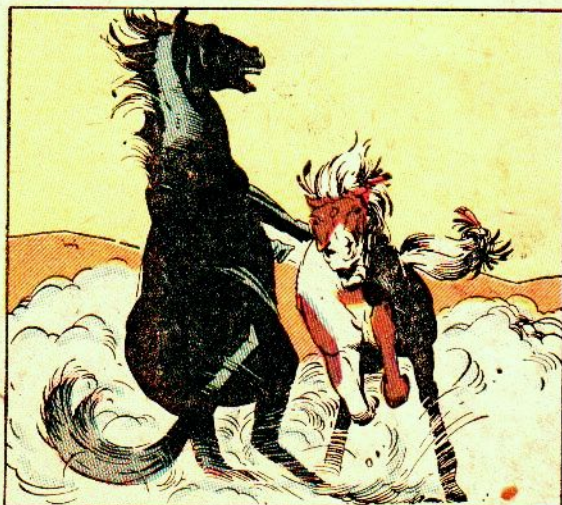






WARPAIN'T, HOPELESSLY OUTCLASSED, USED HIS GREAT AGILITY TO EVEN THE ODDS...

...AND SCORES!





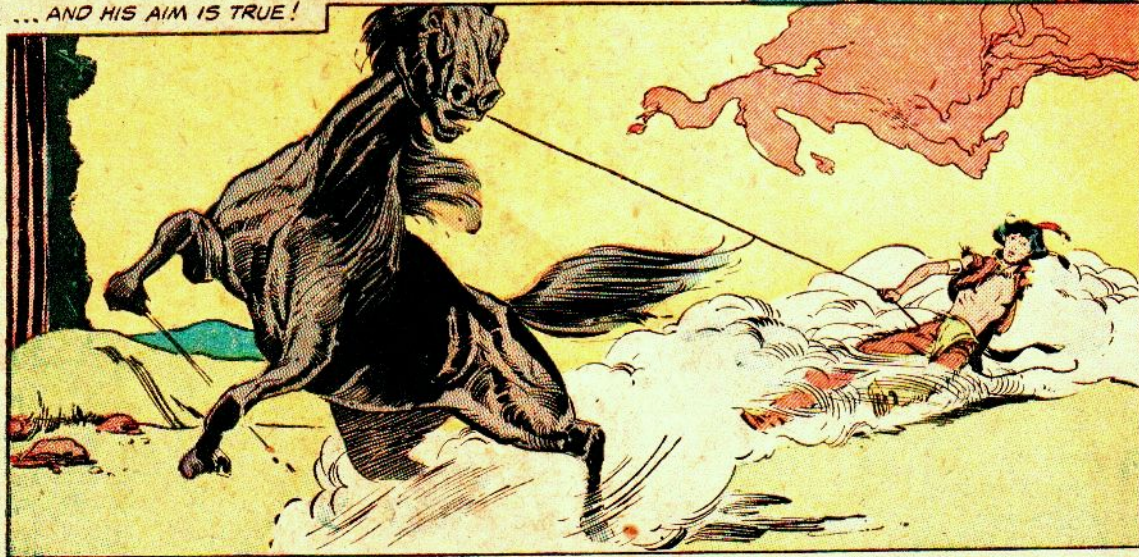


LITTLE FOX,  
COME BACK!

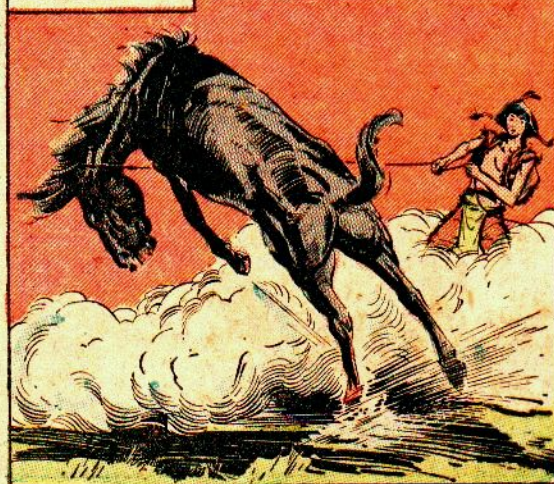


LITTLE FOX CASTS HIS LOOP...

... AND HIS AIM IS TRUE!

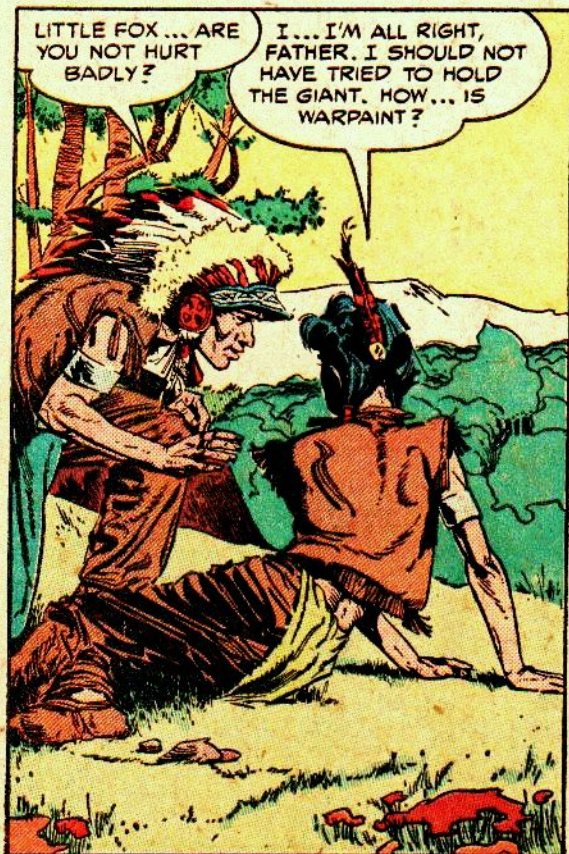


BUT ROPING SUCH A GIANT HORSE AND HOLDING  
IT ARE TWO DIFFERENT SITUATIONS AS LITTLE  
FOX LEARNS!



LITTLE FOX!  
LET GO! LET GO!







THE TENDON IS STRAINED BADLY, FATHER. IT MUST REST FOR SEVERAL DAYS. BETTER YOU RETURN TO OUR CAMP. I WILL STAY HERE WITH WARPAINT UNTIL HIS LEG CAN BE USED.

MY SON IS NEARLY A MAN GROWN IN BODY, BUT HE IS STILL A BOY IN MIND. I WILL RETURN TO OUR CAMP, AND THUS YOU WILL HAVE TIME TO BE ALONE AND THINK OF YOUR FOOLISH DEEDS OF THIS DAY.



IT WAS A LONG AND SOLITARY CAMP FOR LITTLE FOX FOR IT WAS NEARLY A WEEK BEFORE WARPAINT COULD TRAVEL BACK TO THE HOME CAMP. BUT IN THAT WEEK, LITTLE FOX HUNTED FOOD FOR HIMSELF, GATHERED GRASSES FOR WARPAINT AND THOUGHT AND THOUGHT AND THOUGHT.



SO MY SON RETURNS FINALLY TO OUR CAMP. HAVE YOU LEARNED THE ERRORS OF YOUR THINKING?



OH, YES, FATHER! I THINK NOW I KNOW HOW TO CAPTURE THE GIANT STALLION. WE WILL USE **TWO** ROPES AND...

I WILL HEAR NO MORE! GO TELL YOUR PLAN TO WARPAINT. PERHAPS **HE** CAN KICK SOME SENSE INTO YOUR HEAD. I KNOW I CANNOT!





# 6

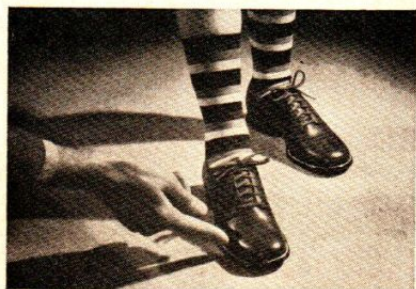
# BUSTER BROWN'S POINT Fitting Plan PROTECTS GROWING FEET



Measure both feet. Largest length and width fitted.



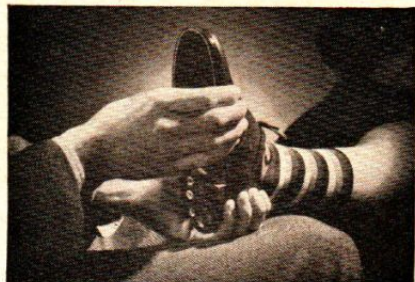
Big toe joint fitted to widest inside line of shoe.



Small toe fitted to widest outside line of shoe.



Fitted to allow about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch from end of toe to end of shoe.



Heel fit check for proper width at top and bottom.



Regular 90-day size check service recommended.





**BUSTER BROWN**

# Jingle Bells Jubilee



Look for these Jingle Bells  
Jubilee styles at your  
Buster Brown Shoe Store

